

The Evening World

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THE SOFT COAL LESSON.

The report of Labor Commissioner Wright on the coal strike brings more clearly into prominence the one leading cause of the strike. This is the failure of the operators in all the years of their experience to establish a permanent basis of harmonious relations with their employees.

They have not only shown their incapacity to meet this ordinary requirement of sound business management, but they have steadily fought against it. They have deliberately clung to a policy which inevitably and invariably led to misunderstanding, ill-feeling and trouble.

This is not to be wondered at. The bituminous coal mines of the West were operated under the same policy until the United Mine-Workers' Union forced the operators against their will to enter into a contract involving recognition of the union, with the result that the operators are prospering as they never did before.

It was not the superior intelligence of the divinely appointed guardians of the soft coal properties which brought about this solution of the labor question; it was the hated and dreaded union which brought peace and order out of an era of strife and disorder.

It is, however, idle to hope that the non-operating anthracite operators will learn the lesson. Their ears are stopped against every voice of reason.

Johnson's Test Talks.—Tom L. Johnson carries a crusade with him in his Ohio campaign to roof over his audiences. Some of the things said in it would be well worth hearing in Madison Square Garden. As, for example: "What is needed is not examinations of the account books of trusts; it is the sweeping of monopolies from the statute books of the people."

"HELD UP."

When the Aldermanic objections to the Pennsylvania tunnel contract were first published The Evening World described them as a "hold up."

The whole matter has now been gone over and it clearly appears that President Cantor and the Board of Aldermen have it in their power to obstruct one of the greatest local improvements in the history of modern New York.

They have taken a position from which they evidently do not intend to recede. They have held up the contract. There is no alternative left except the appeal to Albany.

The Sanctity of Home.—That Mr. Burbridge, whose private residence at No. 52 West Thirty-third street was invaded by Police Captain Sheehan under suspicion of its being a gambling-house, shows singular self-restraint and good temper under the injustice done him.

THE EXPERIENCES OF AN EXPERT.

Imperial Post Councillor Wernercke, of Germany, visiting New York's Post-Office, finds several features which astonish and puzzle him.

It amazes him to learn that we are not operating the pneumatic tube system; he should ask the local mail contractor the reason why. He also finds that we have no parcel-post system; for an explanation of this omission he should go to Senator Platt.

He notes that in Germany the Government manages to operate the telegraph as well as the mail service; in this country the telegraph is a benevolent private monopoly.

Lastly Councillor Wernercke remarks that in Berlin they have a post-office building which is considered a model structure. In no other respect could the postal service of Berlin be more completely in contrast with that of New York.

Sales Out of School.—Now if Devery will go on and tell all he knows about police blackmailing his remarks will be listened to with interest.

THE COUNTRY MOTORMAN.

The motorman of the car which smashed the President's carriage says that he was "not running more than eight miles an hour," and that he "had the right of way." There is the making of a capable chauffeur in such a man. It is doubtful if there is any country trolley line in Massachusetts or in all New England on which the schedule time is not faster than eight miles an hour. This particular motorman was rushing a belated special car along to reach the Country Club before the arrival of the Presidential party. The car is believed to have been going at a thirty-mile gait.

Country trolley cars "right of way" is a fiction, but one that few drivers care to dispute. Every returning vacationist is familiar with the reckless disregard of consequences with which they are run. They dash around curves, rocking and careening, at a rate of speed perilous to passenger and pedestrian alike. They are rarely under the complete control of the motorman. He is often busy extracting what enjoyment he can from the ride, made contemptuous of danger by his familiarity with it, and his attention is frequently distracted by a roadside flirtation. A serious accident in Virginia last week was due to this cause.

To Control Trusts.—Gov. Odell agrees with President Roosevelt that an unusually high degree of intelligence is needed to frame legislation to restrain the trusts. Legislation by the common people don't go.

THE NEWS FROM NEWPORT.

Holding the mirror up to nature at Newport is now accomplished with so much care that the slightest detail of life there is reflected for the admiring gaze of the general public. Yesterday it was the devotion of young Mr. Vanderbilt to Miss Neilson at the Casino, where he danced with her exclusively. The day before it was Mr. Harry Lehr's great practical joke on the tennis tournament ticket-holders, whereby he fooled them with discarded seat coupons. To-day it is the Horse Show, where "the frequent appearance of Reginald C. Vanderbilt with his fiancée, Miss Kathleen Neilson, in the ring and the presence of Alfred G. Vanderbilt with his charming wife also contributed materially to the social and financial success of the show." One swallow cannot make a summer, but two Vanderbilts, it appears, can do much for a horse show.

What will it be to-morrow? Is it any wonder that society takes itself so seriously? Its every movement is made under the white light glare. It walks, talks, eats, dances, dissipates, within range of the reportorial kodak. We need not care a sou marquee what terrifies Tlridates so long as we know how it fares with flabby young Croesus, what the new cut of his trousers is, what brand of champagne he prefers, what his amours are. Newport is a Vanity Fair excelling all others in snobishness and we want all the latest news of it.

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN

SCHOOLDAYS.

"Back to the woods!" was once the cry Of the jibing, slangy crew; But the boys shout now derisively: "Back to the school for you!"

MORE PRINCELY THAN PEARLS.

Suddenly the bride threw up her arms, shrieked "Oh, George, dear!" and fell to the floor in a dead faint. Her right hand held a slip of paper.

The guests rushed to her assistance. She soon revived. The anxious husband chafed her brow, and as he gazed into her awakening eyes asked: "What is wrong, my darling? What has shocked you?"

"George, love, you saw that slip of paper my good, dear father put into my hand after the ceremony."

"Yes, darling," eagerly replied George. "It was a check for a large amount. Your father promised to be bountiful toward us."

"Yes, George, and he has kept his word. He has given us an order."

"For what, darling? For?"

"One ton of anthracite, George. We can begin housekeeping at once without fear of the future."

And they both wept for joy while the envious crowd looked on.

BORROWED JOKES.

THE CLIMBERS.

"Can't you make fifteen or twenty words out of that, Henrietta?" asked Mrs. Parvenue as her daughter was writing a telegram. "I don't want the clerk to think we can't afford to send more than ten words."—Chicago Post.

CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE.

Homer—Great Gunk! There's Nixdoor and his wife quarrelling again. That's the fourth time this week.

Mrs. Homer—Yes. Mrs. Nixdoor told me the other day that they couldn't agree as to what each should do to make the other happy.—Chicago News.

DELICATE, YET EMPHATIC.

"What I object to," said the young woman who wants to vote, "is taxation without representation."

"If it all the same to you," said the young man who was too bashful to propose directly, "I should be only too happy to represent your sentiments at the polls at every election."—Washington Star.

SOMEBODIES.

EDWARD VII.—according to the Hatters' Gazette, wears a 67-8 hat.
DOYLE, DR. CONAN—has made \$7,000 out of his war pamphlet and given \$5,000 to establish a South African scholarship in the University of Edinburgh.

DUPUIS, MME. MARIE THERESE—the last surviving witness of the battle of Waterloo, is now living at Chapelle-lez-Herlainmont, near Charleroi.

KELVIN, LORD—the distinguished English scientist, is the son of a small tenant farmer in County Down, and might have passed the rest of his life among the turnips had he not chanced to be fascinated by an old sun dial standing forgotten and neglected in the village churchyard.

TREASURE ISLAND.

On that white Caribbean Key, Uncharted, lost these hundred years, Rests in the keeping of the sea The secret of the buccaners.

Tarnished and soiled with rust and mold, Heap jewelled poignards, musketoons, Silks, sacramental cups of gold, Ingots and pesos and doubloons.

Remembering the (loves) flare When Blackbeard brought the chests ashore, Landmarked the spot and sunk them there, Beat back to sea—and comes no more.

Unless, maybe, at black of night, Up from the phosphorescent sea, A phantom craft makes for the light, And anchors off the ghostly Key;

But when the dawn wind gives the sign, Back to the dark the shades retire, Trailing along the shuddering brine A wake of evanescent fire.

And Silence on that haunted shore, Renews her endless reign alone, Pulsed by the long tide's rising roar. The surfs withdrawing monotone, F. L. Pollock, in Youth's Companion.

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LIPTON IS CUP-HUNTING AGAIN.



Build your little boat, Sir Thomas—
Build her fast and trim and snug.
You'll have lots of fun, we promise,
But you'll never tug the mug.

GOOD ADVICE.



Mrs. Newwyfe—Jack sent \$1 to a man who advertised to impart information that would enable any one to save money.

Miss Inquisyte—Did he get the information?

Mrs. Newwyfe—Yes. The advertiser wrote and told him not to send any more.

FAINT HEART.



Miss Youngblonde—I can never marry you.

Mr. Oldman—But won't you make my life happy for the short years I will be here? I am troubled with a weak and faint heart.

Miss Youngblonde—In that case I may accept you.

SURMISE.



Rednosed Gent—Tut, tut, my son! I wouldn't cry over spilled milk.

Boy—Naw, but I bet if it wuz beer you'd cry, ah right, all right.

STILL THE BAG IS EMPTY.



Hammerless—An alligator, as I'm a—



"Chump!"

TOOK IT FOR GRANTED.



Guide (at the capital)—See that man across the street? That is the Speaker of the House.

Jay Green—Dew tell! How long has his ole woman been dead, huh?

GREAT PROGRESS.



Ida—So you think you are making great strides toward reforming that terribly wicked tramp.

May—Indeed I am. I have persuaded him to say "Oh, Fudge!" instead of swearing.

ODDITY CORNER.

OIL FOR DUST.

The great advantages that have accrued to California cities from using oil to lay the dust instead of water are being recognized by many cities, and especially in those in which the supply of water is rather limited.

"MEDDLE."

Meddle once signified "to concern oneself with what is not one's business." It is so used in the Scriptures, where the expression occurs, "meddle with your own business."

QUARANTINE.

Quarantine was first established against infectious diseases in the tenth century.

UNIQUE SPANISH DECORATIONS.



On the occasion of the recent festival in Valencia, Spain, the Alcalde of the city, with a reception committee, went as far as the station of Catarroja, on the road to Madrid, to welcome a delegation from Madrid. The railway carriage in which the Valencians rode was adorned on each side with gigantic representations of the heads of Valencian peasants.

PEACH STONES FOR FUEL.

Apropos of the numerous substitutes for coal, dried peach stones have been utilized in Baltimore as fuel, and have given satisfaction. The only objection to their use is the scarcity, says the Baltimore Sun. Mr. Frank Hall said that his family had used peach stones as fuel for years until about three or four years ago, since which time the supply has appeared to have decreased.

"We used to get the dried peach stones from a Mr. Noel, who got them from the different packing-houses and dried them on his place," said Mr. Hall. "I think we paid \$2.50 a load for them, the load containing about forty-five bushels. The fuel was used in the kitchen and gave good results. The stones will make a quick, hot fire and one that will last. One and a half or two buckets of the peach stones will last as long as a bucket of coal. One has to be careful not to fill the stove too full or there will likely be an explosion similar to a gasoline explosion. The proper way to keep the fire going is to put in a shovelful at a time, and then to add a few more after the stones are in the cellar, and some time gases arise, and the fumes will go to one's head and give the same effect as if the dried product of the peach had been inhaled."

THE YOUNGEST BARBER.



Without doubt the youngest professional barber wield his razor daily in Ashabula, O. This young barber's name is Fred Guerlin. He began his favorite occupation when he was but ten years old. He is now twelve years old. With his two years of experience he is pronounced a first-class tonsorial artist. He is employed in Ralph Grant's shop at regular barber's wages.

THE BOWERY GIRL'S ROSES.

Owen Kildare and "The Party" Make a Remarkable Horticultural Discovery.

Listen! Perhaps you will remember how some time ago The Party started a hanging garden on the fire-escape.

Well, by now, from that one little flower a whole lot of flowers have developed into a miniature garden, taking up every inch of the iron balcony, and it keeps The Party busy to take care of them.

The other night she asked me to come to the house for supper, and while I was sitting at the window, waiting for the meal to be ready, I noticed that the flowers after the stifling hot day were almost begging for water.

I filled the sprinkling can, but before I began to water them I set to work to separate a few that seemed all tangled up.

Especially, two roses were all stuck together, and it seemed as if one, a pale pink, was actually nestling under the foliage of the other, a sturdy purple. I parted them with care and then let fall the life-giving spray.

Well now, you know there is very little imagination about me and that I am very much matter of fact, but I don't know, those poor, sun-parched flowers acted all the world like a lot of unfortunate human beings, to whom at the least expected moment a blessing from heaven is sent.

Not only was the difference noticeable in the fresher and healthier color of their blossoms and leaves, but, being so close together, the fall of the drops of water was accompanied by a rustle among them, which, if one listened carefully, sounded like a softly murmuring anthem of thanksgiving and which left them erect, and not drooping as before.

My task performed, I was escorted by The Party to participate of her latest culinary endeavor!

Supper over The Party and I stepped over to the window to look at the flowers, to get a breath of air and to look up to the starry sky.

A part of my work seemed to have been undone. The two roses, so carefully parted by me, were, if anything, more closely entwined than before.

My hands went out to repeat the former operation, when The Party stopped me and said: "Look, don't you think they're very much like us? Let them alone, please."

I looked, and it's a fact, there was a resemblance. The smaller, the pink, one or two crystal drops still hanging on her petals, seeming like tears, perhaps of joy or sorrow, was again enshrouded by the leaves of the other, the purple one, who, now in the reborn majesty of her strength and beauty, appeared to do both, protect and defy.

But while the pink had before been abject and despondent, now her pale flower was framed in the foliage of the other, and looked up to him and past him, right into heaven.

A course of the flowers, I whispered to The Party, who had stood silently.

"Yes, and there are lots of things human beings can learn from them that ain't human."

I knew there was an answer to this, and ere long I found it.

GIRLS, DON'T—

Twist your face in a way to produce wrinkles. Presume upon the generosity of your men friends. Assume that your way is sure to be always acceptable.

Carry your train so as to make it appear like a corkscrew. Think that continual chattering makes you appear entertaining.

Thump on the piano keys as if you had a spite against them. Tell your girl friends the business confidences given you by men.

Try to open as if you know the difference in taste of the various wines. Gush over a man simply to cause another girl to think you own him.

Think it shows good breeding to order expensive dishes and then only mince over them.—Manila American.

THE ELDER DUMAS AND ADAH MENKEN.



How careless a celebrated man can be of his reputation is proved by the existence of this old photograph of Alexandre Dumas and the notorious Adah Menken, famous in the annals of the circus and the demi-monde. It was in 1883, when the novelist was sixty-three years old, that the Menken took him and all Paris by storm, and at that epoch this photograph was boldly displayed in the shop windows. Finally the Dumas family prevailed upon the photographer to withdraw it from circulation—for a consideration. The other picture, from an old lithograph, shows, in stage costume, this remarkable woman, who was by turns a circus rider, an actress and a king's favorite.

ANCIENT EARRINGS.



In Greece ultra-fashionable men as well as women often wore earrings, much as the men of the "smart set" in London and New York recently wear a single bracelet and sometimes anklets. These earrings were of great size and of enormous value.

A MONSTER HAMMER. There has been erected in the works of the Bethlehem Steel Company a steam hammer four stories high which strikes a blow of 150 tons.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A Is Right.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A says that "Plattdeutsch" is a dialect of the German language. B says that it is a language by itself. Which is right? INQUIRER.

No.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Kindly let me know if one is allowed to paste anything on the back of a postal. F. W. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Water and Air.

To the Editor of The Evening World: It is only too true that very few people are aware of the fact that their bodies cannot and will not be in a normal state of health unless the use of air and water are frequently resorted to. A man who is not clean and fresh is a man who is not healthy.

person who does not daily take a bath. The mind may be very well developed and enlightened, and it may be clean, utterly exempt from foul matters; yet when the body is allowed to decay for want of cleanliness, both mind and body must perish together.

LOUIS A. KERPER, No. 215 Arthur avenue, No. Bronx.

A Puzzle Letter. To the Editor of The Evening World: Kindly let me know where I can get these Clean squirts (they are in tube form like they sell on all excursions) Boats. I do not mean animals. R. C.

The Union and the Family. To the Editor of The Evening World: In your paper of last Saturday was a letter written by an American in favor

of Mr. Hewitt's letter on the coal strike. I must say that he is a very poor type of an American when he cannot see any good in labor unions. They are the means of the working people keeping their families in a respectable way. His talk is all silly bosh. In saying all unions are a curse to civilization he talks like a man without common sense whatever, and I am sorry that he is an American. I would like to see such men have to go and work down in the coal mines; then his ideas would come to him a little and be in favor of unions.

LABOR UNION, Rockaway, N. J.

Keep Free Baths Open Through September. To the Editor of The Evening World: Through your paper, which has done

so much for the poor of New York, will you kindly intercede for us, to have the free baths kept open all the month of September? They were so late opening and the money is there for them. Think of the poor suffering men and women who are afflicted with rheumatism, and whom the salt water cures. Do this for us and you will have the good wishes of the poor.

Mrs. LEVY and Mrs. SILVERSTEIN, Grand street.

Yes, Anywhere. To the Editor of The Evening World: Kindly advise me whether an ordained minister, residing in New Jersey and having a charge there, without being a resident in New York, can perform a marriage ceremony legally in New York State.

INQUIRER.